Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before thee, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed.
Daugh. Of all ſayd yet, mayſt thou prooue proſperous:
Of all ſayd yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe.
Peri. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aske aduiſe of any other thought,
But fay thfulneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feed
On mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father;
Hee's Father, Sonne and Husband milde;
I, Mother, Wife, and yet his childe:
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue reſolue it you

Sharpe Phiſicke is the laſt: but ô you powers!
That giues heauen countleſſe eyes to view mens actes.
Why cloude they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Faire Glaſſe of light, I lou'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate;
You are a faire Violl, and your ſenſe, the ſtringes,
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw Heauen downe, and all the Gods to hearken:
But being playd vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at ſo harſh a chime:
Good ſooth, I care not for you.
Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not, vpon thy life;
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt: your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receiue your ſentence.

Peric.

Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes they loue to act,
T'would brayde your ſelfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who has a Booke of all that Monarches doe,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhowne:
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
Blowes duſt in others eyes to ſpread it ſelfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eyes ſee cleare:
To ſtoppe the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole caſtes
Copt hilles towardes heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſsion, and the poore Worme doth die for't:
Kinges are earths Gods; in vice, their law's their will:
And if *Ioue* ſtray, who dare ſay, *Ioue* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worſe, to ſmother it.
All loue the wombe that their firſt beeing bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue, to loue my head. (ning:
Ant. Heauen, that I had thy head; he ha's found the mea-
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſinterpreting,
We might proceed to counſell of your dayes;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune vs otherwiſe;
Fourtie dayes longer we doe reſpite you,
If by which time, our ſecret be vndone,
This mercie ſhewes, wee'le ioy in ſuch a Sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine ſhall bee
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.
Manet Pericles ſolus.

Peri. How courteſie would ſeeme to couer ſinne,
When what is done, is like an hipocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight.
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:

Where-